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NOVEMBER, 1882.

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THE HOLIDAYS, the halting places on life's journey, how pleasant the remembrance of those that are past, and how hopefully we look forward to those in the future! The custom of observing, in autumn, a day of public thanksgiving that was commenced in our early colonial times, and which, until a few years, was by appointment of each State separately, and often on different days, has, within a few years, by the common desire of the people of nearly all parts of the country, and by the recommendation of the head of the Government, become a national holiday. By long usage we expect November to bring us Thanksgiving Day, and no more appropriate month could be selected. On this day, each year, as a whole people, we review a year's passage, and to most of us, at least, it may be said a year's blessings. Ah! well we know the dark hours, the dark days, perhaps the dark years, may and will come to all of us. Still we all know and feel that we have much individually, and as a people, to awaken our sincerest emotions of gratitude. Without now mentioning specially even the great events of the past year in this country, and in the world, each one can recall enough from the stock of information that has been brought from all parts by telegraph and press, to enable him to see that he has abundant reasons for thankfulness. Let us, then,

honor the day to the full of its significance. As we meet together in our places of worship, or as we join in the family circle, it is the privilege of each one to contribute something toward making it a day of enjoyment and happiness. Some will charm by their wit and wisdom, by the brilliancy of conversation, some by the song and musical performance, some by accomplished manners, and others by those graces of spirit that adorn more than jewels or gems. But any of us can do something to please all, by planning in advance and then carrying out some kind of decoration significant for the day. On such a day the church should be made beautiful. Our national colors should be gracefully displayed; the ripened fruits and grains should be arranged conspicuously in effective groups; the wild autumn berries may be gathered and worked in wreaths and festoons with bright hued leaves, and the foliage of evergreens; many colored flowers and handsome plants should add their attractiveness to the scene. Among the evergreen branches some naturalist and amateur taxidermist may wish to exhibit his skill with bright plumaged birds and sleek skinned animals, and such a display would be quite proper if judiciously made. In fact, a wide latitude should be given to the decorator's taste on Thanksgiving day. The day recalls



the temporal blessings of the year, and to the extent that natural objects may be employed emblematically or decoratively to advantage they are allowable by good taste. Would our places of worship be less interesting, or our hearts less grateful, in the midst of such a scene? Might we not, rather, truthfully say with WHITTIER,

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
And fruits, have come to own again  
The blessings of the summer hours,  
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more  
Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
Of autumn, filled and running o'er  
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!

While we have yet time, then, we may make some appropriate preparation for this coming anniversary day. The pot-plants may have all necessary attention to look their best. The Chrysanthemum is a plant that ought to be cultivated with special reference to this season of the year. We know of no other with which so brilliant a display may be made at this particular time. But it is not our intention now to call special attention to any plants, only in this case we cannot help saying that we fear all of our readers do not know how much they miss when they neglect to cultivate the Chrysanthemum. Here, at the North, at this season we may yet gather, in fields and woods and by fence sides on country roads, many handsome wild fruits and berries and seed vessels that can be employed effectively in house decoration with high colored leaves, pressed Fern fronds, mosses and evergreens. Further south there is a much greater wealth of material that may easily be procured. By making our homes thus indicate in their appearance our gratitude and our desires we shall sensibly increase the enjoyment of the day, as we see "the old link of affection restored" in the family chain.

### THE BOUVARDIA.

Among the early winter blooming plants the Bouvardia occupies a very prominent place. Whether as a specimen plant for the greenhouse stage, the conservatory, or the window garden, or for cut flowers, it is considered quite indispensable. Most of our readers are acquainted with the single forms of this

flower, represented by the beautiful varieties, Davidsonii, The Bride, Hogarth, Humboldtii corymbiflorum, Leiantha, rosea multiflora, sanguinea, and others, and many are, no doubt, possessors of that gem of the white varieties, Alfred Neuner, with double flowers. This variety, of recent introduction, has proved itself to be all that is desirable in a plant of its kind, and in commercial establish-



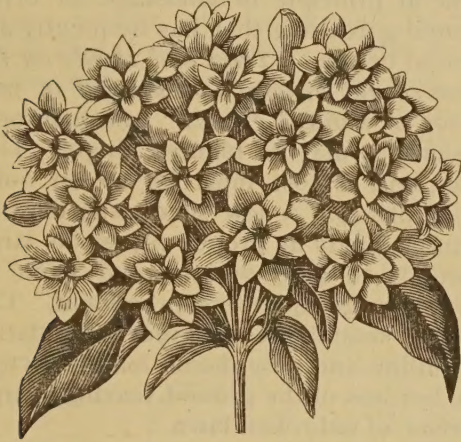
FLOWER CLUSTER OF SINGLE BOUVARDIA.

ments is now raised in immense quantities for cut flowers. For decorative purposes it has taken its place in the first ranks of the blooming plants of its season. Strange as it may be that so fine a plant should be produced at once as a sport, and not by a long series of gradations as in the usual course of such changes, it is still stranger that, again sporting, this double white variety has produced another as perfect in form of flower as itself, in fact, identical in regard to form, but of a very soft and delicate shade of pink. This variety is known as President Garfield. It is regarded with great admiration by florists, and eventually must be widely disseminated among all lovers of beautiful flowering plants.

Plants of Bouvardias that have been well grown, should, at this time, be of good size, and be ready to set their flower buds freely, if not already in this condition, to produce an early crop of flowers. By having a sufficient stock of plants, a portion of them may be kept in reserve in a cool place, and be introduced into heat from time to time, as desired, so as to extend their blooming through the winter and



spring. During the time of blooming the plants should have a night temperature of 65° to 70°, and in day time it should be somewhat higher. Careful attention to watering is required, regulating the supply to the demand, which is, of course, governed by the sun light. In all the re-



FLOWER CLUSTER OF DOUBLE BOUVARDIA.

gions similar to this where we now write, subject to the clouds formed by evaporation from the great lakes, where often for a period of six weeks in winter the sun is seldom visible, the danger of over watering is very great. With a bright sun the plants require a liberal amount of water. After the earliest stage of blooming, an occasional supply of manure water is an advantage that the plants gratefully acknowledge.

## HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

Little attention is given by many to the beautiful hardy herbaceous plants, of which so many are worthy of our care; and often, when many a one has a desire to cultivate some of them, it is suppressed merely because there is apparently no place for them. The lawn is a necessity in our gardening, except in the most southern part of the country. Every village and suburban lot, however small, if any pretension is made to neatness, has its bit of lawn next to the street. On this there is usually found room for a few trees, some flowering shrubs, and some flower beds that are filled each spring with bedding plants. On places of fair size there are both evergreen and deciduous trees, and sometimes some flowering shrubs planted on the lawn, and often a number of beds cut in the grass. What shall be done with

Lilies and Pæonies and Day Lilies and Dicentras; what with Perennial Phlox, and Delphiniums and Hollyhocks, Aquilegias, Pinks, Carnations, Sweet Williams and a great number more, all admirable?

Some of these plants will look well, as most of us know, in little masses in different places about the margins of the lawn; Pæonies, Lilies, Day Lilies, Dicentras, Anemonies, Japonica alba, are instances of some that may be so employed, if they are well placed and not too often repeated. But in small places, if many herbaceous plants are raised, their position must be in the rear of the house. On places where good kitchen gardens are kept, there is no difficulty in appropriating suitable borders, where the plants can have the best care; but it is on such places, too, that we usually find more ample lawns, and here there is opportunity, also, to give these plants more prominence. What, then, is desirable is that those which will make the best display be brought to the lawn, while those less showy, but still interesting, and desirable for cutting, be cultivated in borders. How can these showy perennials be disposed of on the lawn? They are not to take the place of bedding plants as now generally employed. The beds bright with Geraniums, Heliotropes, Lantanas and other flowering plants, and those gay with variegated foliage have established themselves in our esteem, and are not to be dispensed with, nor, in the same situation are the beds of some of the finest annuals, such as Phlox Drummondii, Verbena, Petunia, Portulaca and others.

Let us glance for a moment at the grounds of our larger suburban places. For the most part they have been planted under the supervision of the owners, and only in rare cases have the services of the landscape gardener or those of any experienced gardener been called. This is a country of gardens, such as they are, but not a country of gardeners. The energetic, enterprising American citizen has of necessity been obliged to comprehend, as well as he might, the principles and practical application of a dozen or more professions and trades and attend personally to their execution. The result is that it has developed him as a man; but on the other hand, as we have increased in wealth and improved our



taste by the works of special artisans. We perceive how impossible it is for one man to be possessed of the skill of a number, which is practiced by each of them only by years of patient thought and work. In times past our merchants and lawyers and doctors have been, also farmers and planters and fruit growers and gardeners and stock breeders, and architects and civil engineers, and builders, superintending and carrying on work peculiar to all of these professions. It is not strange that the best work was not done; it is an honor to our citizens, especially those of former generations and of a few who still linger with us as a remnant of the past, that when put to the test they developed in themselves such fertility of resource. Now, we have architects of the highest skill, builders who construct for us better houses, men engaged in almost every business who are specialists, conducting their work with rare knowledge and ability. We have in our midst, too, good gardeners who have studied gardening from an artistic point of view, and have reduced the practice to conformity with the highest principles of art, and thanks to them, as a people we are becoming slowly educated in this subject. But as art and refined taste can come only after material advancement, we are as a people far in the rear of the position we may hope to occupy.

Now, in relation to ornamental planting, since it is impossible that we shall all have the services of the professional gardener, we must do the best we can for ourselves, as we and others have already done. But because I may not have an architect to plan my house it is no reason that I should build a hut. It is my privilege and my duty to observe and examine the best structures, or those most suited to my purpose, and in my efforts to equal or excel them. Like sensible people we mainly take this course in building when the architect is not called in, as, however, he might be more frequently to advantage. But in the higher departments of gardening it is certain that we learn very slowly. Much has been written and published in relation to it of the highest value, and yet the results seem inadequate. The best excuse for our slow progress probably lies in the fact that we have so few worthy models. Residence structures that cost from ten thousand to

fifty thousand dollars are becoming almost common, and yet the surrounding grounds of these mansions are frequently arrayed in the most beggarly manner. There is really little excuse in such cases. Is there not occasion then that we should here make the following statement a general principle of landscape or ornamental gardening that has frequently appeared before? *Trees and shrubs on the lawn should generally be planted in imitation of natural groups.* In exceptional cases they may be planted singly. This may, and almost must be so on quite small places. A few specimens may be planted singly in proper places on large grounds to give variety, and even to make the groups more prominent. The groups should present great irregularity of outline, and they should mainly occupy the borders of the ground, leaving a large surface of unbroken lawn.

The margin of a group of shrubs with a broken or varied outline evidently offers a home to herbaceous plants, such as they find in nature. According to the different aspects, a great variety of plants may be suited, and they may stand out from the shrubs, or be sheltered or shaded by them as may be required. In attempting to plant in this manner there will probably be some failures, there will be any way, but these will be failures in a good cause. The best place may not always be found for a plant, but experience will teach us. The conclusion then is, that with a proper arrangement of shrubs in groups we have the most favorable opportunity to raise a great variety of hardy herbaceous perennials.

### PRUNING GRAPE VINES.

From this time onward attention may be given to vine pruning. It is much better for the vines to be pruned in the fall than in the spring; and then, if left until spring, when there is always a great amount of work to do in a short time, the chances are that the delay may be so long that the vines will be incapacitated for a full crop. Late pruning will materially lower the vitality of vines, and thus render them an easy prey to fungi and insects. Vines of tender varieties, or in climates where there is danger of injury by frosts, can, after pruning, be allowed to lie on the ground during winter.



## NATIVE FERNS.

The Golden Polypody is one of the handsomest ornaments of greenhouses and conservatories. In Florida, where only it is found in this country, it always grows upon the trunk of the Sabal Palmetto, usually just below and in the shade of its broad leaves. As this Palm grows from twenty to forty feet high, we

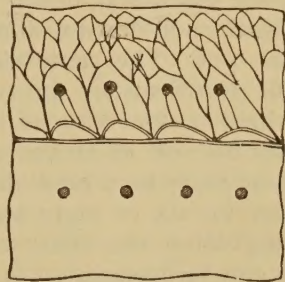
Here, then, we have a reason for its taking up its strange abode. It finds a secure place to fix its rhizome or root-stem. Could this be found nowhere else, and why on this tree rather than on the ground? If it took to the ground it would necessarily be in the shade of low shrubs, and at some season of the year, such a place would prove too moist for it; and, then, no other tree affords it the



POLYPODIUM AUREUM.

can imagine it has an airy situation. This Fern is found throughout the West Indies. It is an interesting inquiry why it should make its home exclusively on the Palmetto. Dr. A. P. GARBER, who has carefully observed this plant in its native habitat, says that it "is common and general on the main land, but rare on the Keys. It is always associated with the Cabbage Palmetto, growing from its stem, usually above reach, and just beneath the spreading Palm leaves, which contribute constant shade and moisture. The novel lattice work of remaining dead petioles, covering the trunk of the tree, offers a favorable and secure lodgement for the large, creeping root-stalks of this Fern. The glaucous fronds appear pendent, spreading erect according to their length, which varies from a half a foot to three feet."

necessary accommodation for secure lodgement combined with suitable shade. As the plant is epiphytic, it draws no nourishment from the Palm, and therefore, it seeks the society of this tree



POLYPODIUM AUREUM, SECTION OF PINNA SHOWING VENATION.

which it adorns, without impoverishing, merely for the advantage of favorable position and security, while by its foliage and rootlets it takes from the air, and



the moisture gathered on the tree sides, its necessary sustenance. As may now be inferred, when cultivated in pots it needs a most thorough drainage and a light soil, with a moderate supply of water. The peculiarity of its venation is shown by a section of pinna. The specific name, aureum, golden, is said to be derived from the numerous yellowish scales with which the root-stalk is clothed; though when one sees the large fronds ornamented with the rows of large golden dots or sori, the name is almost immediately suggested on this account, and we willingly assent that it is well named.

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### FLOWERING BULBS.

All through this month the planting and resetting of bulbs may be performed, or at least, while the ground remains unfrozen. In the early spring, the bright blossoms will repay us for all the care we may now give them. The potting of bulbs for blooming in the house may also continue through the month. To have a proper potting soil for Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus and many other bulbs, it is best to get, if possible, some of the loam just under the turf of an old pasture and mix with it some leaf-mold and sand, using about twice as much of the loam as of the leaf-mold and sand together, and add a small quantity of old cow-manure, and mix all well together. Use medium size pots for Hyacinths; say those five inches in diameter; place some bits of crock or rubble in the bottom, and then fill in the soil until nearly full; now, set the bulb in the center and press it well down into the soil, and then place in some more soil, nearly covering it, and press the soil down well about the sides of the pot. The same size pot is suitable for Narcissus, or for two Tulip bulbs, or three or four Crocus, or Snowdrops, water the soil in all the pots, and then set them away in a cool, dark place in the cellar for six or eight weeks, and then, having filled the pots with their roots, they can be brought up to the light and heat. If a succession of blooms is desired, only a few pots at a time may be brought out, and thus the season extended. If the pots are brought into rooms of the dwelling house, the coolest parts will be found warm enough. Of course,

attention must be given to suitable watering when the pots are brought into the light, for the leaves will push at once, and a little more water will be needed every day until they attain their full growth, and throw up their flower spikes.

Lilies can be raised in soil of the same kind, but it is better to use much larger pots; a ten-inch pot is not too large for a Lily bulb. The bulb should be planted deep, having an inch or an inch and a half of soil over the very top of it, and it is better that the top soil be lighter than the rest, to allow the stem to push through easily. When filled, the soil should be an inch below the top of the rim of the pot, to allow for watering. The potted bulbs are to be set away in the cellar, the same as already described, but it will be much longer before they are ready to bring out; this will be in the spring, when they show the green stem pushed up out of the soil. Then they may be set in the windows, where they will get the morning and evening sun.

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### CLEMATIS FLAMMULA.

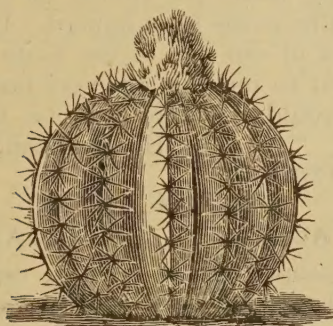
The large flowered varieties of the Clematis are so showy there is some danger that the merits of the little sweet-scented Virgin's Bower may go unrecognized, even by those capable of appreciating real worth in meek guise, for the reason that so much attention is given the former no one has time to notice the latter. But it would be a mistake if this should be so. Clematis flammula is a little gem, and no one having it would be willing to part with it. It is hardy, will thrive almost everywhere, blooms freely, and the flowers have a delicious fragrance. The foliage is small even to delicacy, and the whole plant is a model of grace. Something of its beauty we endeavor to show in our colored plate. The pure white flowers, though small, are borne in large masses, and diffuse a sweet odor for a considerable space about them. They are particularly desirable for cutting, and to use both in table and hand bouquets. The plants can be trained up a trellis, or a pillar, by the fence side, over a walk, and in various other ways. It can be recommended without reserve as a hardy, beautiful climber.





### TURK'S CAP CACTUS.

The Great Melon Cactus, *Melocactus communis*, or, as it is commonly termed, Turk's Cap Cactus, is a plant of very singular and grotesque appearance. It belongs to the Natural Order, Cactaceæ, and is a native of the West Indies, whence it was introduced in 1688. It is a plant possessing a very succulent stock, which bears some resemblance to a large green melon, and from this appearance it has received its generic name. In its native country it attains a height of from one and a half to two feet, and a yard or



MELOCACTUS COMMUNIS.

more in circumference, producing its red, insignificant flowers during the months of July and August, in the mass of dense wool which is produced at the top of the plant. As before said the plant is of a roundish shape, having the appearance of a large green, fleshy, deep ribbed melon, surmounted by a sort of spadix, consisting mostly of dense wool, and set all over with short, sharp thorns. When cut through the middle the interior is found to be composed of a soft fleshy substance, very full of moisture. In the West Indies there are plants over a yard and a half in circumference, and two and a half feet in height. A writer in speaking of this singular Cactus, remarks, "It grows on the steep sides of the rocks, where it appears

to be thrust out of the aperture, having little or no earth to support them, their roots shooting down into the fissures of the rocks to a remarkable depth, so that it is very troublesome to get the plants up, and as they delight in such places they seldom do well or live long when transplanted into better soil. In time of drought the cattle repair to the hills and barren rocks where these plants grow, rip them up with their horns, tear off the outside skin and greedily devour all the moist part. The fruit is frequently eaten by the natives of the West Indies. It is produced in circles around the cap, or upper part of the plant. It is about three-quarters of an inch in length, of a taper form, blunt at the top and drawing to a point at the base, and is of an agreeable but acid taste."

The Melon Cactus is a plant easily cultivated, requiring a treatment similar to that given other Cacti, viz., a compost consisting of two-thirds well rotted sods, one-third well rotted manure and a good portion of old mortar well mixed. Give good drainage and use a pot proportionate to the size of the plant. When growing give water freely, but during its season of rest only enough to prevent the plant from becoming absolutely dry. A winter temperature of from 45° to 50° will answer very well. During the summer season the plant can either be planted out or plunged in the flower border in a sunny situation, water being given when necessary.

In conclusion, I can only add, that this Cactus can be readily and cheaply obtained, and it is an excellent plant for either the conservatory or window garden. I trust that a considerable number of the readers of the MAGAZINE will be induced to add it to their collection. — CHARLES E. PARNELL, *Queens, L. I.*



**BEANS.**

Having heard many of my friends and neighbors, when speaking of Beans for the vegetable garden, say that it is better to raise our own seed than to buy from northern seedsmen, I have concluded to write a little of my experience, and also to mention some varieties that I do not see advertised.

This year I have tried the Early Valentine, the Refugee, the Giant Wax, the Corn Bean and the Scarlet Runner. I find the Early Valentine an excellent variety. Our first Beans were gathered on the 16th day of May, and the plants continued bearing a remarkably long time. Indeed, I see a few blooms now, July 26th.

The Refugee bore a very heavy crop of Beans, and I think might have continued to produce had the pods been picked off at the proper time, but most of them were allowed to ripen for seed.

The Corn Bean is certainly singular in appearance, but its taste is good, and I must say that the vines continued in bearing a longer time than any others I have ever seen. We began using from them about the first of June, and there has been but little cessation in production, although a good many seeds were allowed to mature. Yesterday I gathered a few Beans from the vines, and will still get more, I think.

The Giant Wax is a good Bean, and our vines gave us a full crop early in the season, and are now hanging full of Beans large enough to use, while plenty of blooms are to be seen.

The Scarlet Runner makes a fine vine for ornament, but produces few Beans, and these are good when treated as Lima Beans, not as Snap Beans. Our two rows of Scarlet Runner vines in the garden attracted much attention, as they were covered with the beautiful scarlet blooms. Most of these dropped off without forming Beans.

And now I will mention two varieties of the Bean family that do finely in our county, in fact, any where in the State, I think, and yet I never see them advertised.

The Douglass Bean is an early variety for a running Bean, coming in, I suppose, with the Refugee. The pods are very long and broad, and when young very tender and nice, and, when the weather is not unusually dry, are produced in profu-

sion. The color of the ripe seed is a light brown, rather a greenish brown. A very popular Bean.

But the very best Bean, decidedly, as regards taste, is one that bears the euphonious title of Fat Horse Bean. About twenty-three years ago I was dining with a friend when I made my first acquaintance with the Fat Horse Bean. I was so struck with the peculiarly fine flavor of my favorite vegetable that I asked the name of the variety. Since then I have never seen another kind of Bean I have thought its equal. The vines grow large and strong, and produce great numbers of round, fleshy pods, which may be allowed to hang longer on the vines after being fully grown, without injury, than those of any other kind. This is not an early variety, yet a month ago a near neighbor showed me quite a lot of the dry seeds she had gathered. These are rather harder to keep free from the weevil than those of other varieties, I think, but if boiling water is poured on them and then turned off immediately, I am told that the weevil will never make their appearance, while the vitality of the seed will not be in the least injured. If all the epicures in our part of the State should be asked to mention the very best Bean, there would, I doubt not, be but one answer, "the Fat Horse Bean."—H., *White Plains, Ga.*

**HYACINTHUS CANDICANS.**

The proprietors or tenants, especially of small gardens, have cause to thank you for calling attention to so desirable an "object" plant as the one named above, and I desire to add my testimony to its merits. Your illustration, in a former number, conveys an accurate idea of its habit and appearance, but neither pen nor pencil could reproduce the waxy whiteness of the florets, which are very useful singly as button-hole bouquets, and toward the close of its career the terminal spike makes an excellent centerpiece for a vase. The bulbs which I received from Holland three years ago have bloomed every season with unfailing regularity, and this summer they have each sent up two flower stalks in succession. I am glad to have your assurance that they are hardy, as every previous statement to that effect has been qualified with a "they are claimed." This.



however, will make no difference to those who from being merely tenants do not care to make permanent planting, as the bulbs will thrive equally as well with exactly the treatment you would give to *Gladiolus*, which has been the plan I have hitherto pursued with them. By the way, in speaking of the *Amaryllis*, figured in your April number, I stated that I had no doubt that it would bloom more frequently if permitted; and as if in defiance of my precautions the saucy thing sent up a noble flower stalk in July, and now refuses to go to rest in spite of all my coaxing. Did it ever strike you that some plants have an individuality which they love to assert as well as their owners, and that the obstinate man often finds his counterpart in a plant determined to have its own way? My attention has sometimes been called to the subject in a delicate sort of way by one who would not for all the world insinuate that I was mulish.—R. CALVERT, *La Crosse, Wis.*

#### THE MULBERRY FOR SILK.

At the present time much is being said and written in regard to silk culture, and, indeed, it is high time the subject was agitated in the United States, for if once developed, it will furnish lucrative employment at the homes of thousands of women and children, and add largely to the material wealth of the land. Perhaps a few practical ideas in regard to the relative value of the different kinds of Mulberry used for silk culture, from one who is engaged in the business, will be of interest to some of your many readers.

For the Northern States, I place at the head the Russian, brought to this country about seven years ago by Russian Menonites. 1st, because it is perfectly hardy, and will thrive in any soil. 2d, it is a rapid grower. 3d, it produces large quantities of leaves, which furnish silk of the finest quality. 4th, it produces the best fruit of all the Mulberries, and the most of it. It can be grown to the height of forty feet, and from three to five feet in diameter, or can be sheared to any size or shape you like.

There are eleven varieties of the *Morus alba*, or White Mulberry, among them *Morus Tartarica*, *M. multicaulis*, *M. Moretta*, *M. Japonica*, English White, and others. The only hardy Mulberry among

the above named sorts is the *Morus Tartarica*, from Russia, where it has long been used for silk culture, and is one of the favorites. It produces a reddish white fruit of inferior quality. For the South there is but little difference in any of the *Morus alba* varieties.

The *Morus multicaulis* produces the largest leaves, but the common old English is hard to beat, and is planted largely. The following table will show the relative value of the leaves for silk: Eighteen pounds of *multicaulis* make one pound of silk; sixteen pounds of English White; fourteen pounds of *Moretta*; thirteen pounds of *Tartarica*; thirteen pounds of *alba rosea*; twelve pounds of *Japonica*; thirteen pounds of Russian.

Nearly all of the silk producing countries of the old world have their favorites for silk. In China and Japan, the *multicaulis* is said to be the best, while France clings fondly to *Morus alba rosea*. In Italy, the *Morus Moretta* leads all others, while the German thinks the *Morus nigra* has no equal, even if it does produce silk of coarse quality. Soil and climate have much to do with the different varieties, but if I were to plant two acres, it matters not in what part of the United States, one would be Russian, and then, if you tire of silk culture, its fine fruit will more than pay for the labor and expense of growing. Never plant the common American, or *Morus rubra*, nor the Paper Mulberry, and I would not advise planting *Morus nigra* for silk culture. In Europe and Asia, the Mulberry is considered the most valuable of all trees, for it produces the most delicious fruit. Its timber is used in the arts and for fuel. The bark and fiber for paper, and its leaves produce the finest of fabrics, silk.

At some future time I will send you an article on the different kinds of Silkworms.—G. J. C., *Fairbury, Nebraska.*

#### THE HARDY HYDRANGEA.

I have a plant of *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, which was planted four years ago. The first year it had seven heads of flowers, the second year thirty heads, the third year sixty, and this year one hundred heads. The heads hang out in every direction all around, making a thick mass eight feet in diameter. Every one who sees it is pleased with it.—E. T., *Jeromeville, O.*



### PARASITIC PLANTS.\*

The specimens shown this evening are some of those curious anomalies of the vegetable kingdom, known as parasites; plants which draw their nourishment, more or less, from the tissues of other plants,—sources of already elaborated nourishment. Parasites are comparatively few among the higher orders of plants, though among the fungi and algæ, the lower orders, parasitism is common.

Among the most noted of parasitic plants is the Mistletoe, *Phoradendron flavescens*, common on many of our trees, such as Elm, Walnut, Honey Locust, etc. Its thick green leaves, with the white berries showing conspicuously, is well known to all, and it must sometimes have been a matter of wonder to understand how it was enabled to establish itself on the branches and migrate from tree to tree. As the species is found in



CUSCUTA COMPACTA—DODDER, GROWING ON STEM OF GERANIUM.

its varieties from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it must have some ready means of dissemination, and the means is simple. The fruit of the plant is highly relished by birds. The hard stone is rejected after the pulp surrounding it has been utilized, and this seed lodging in the crevices of the bark of the branches, and finding a suitable location, sprouts, sends its rootlets down through the bark, penetrating into the store of sap flowing beneath. It thus finds its food partially prepared for it, and grows at the expense of its foster parent, sometimes taking so much nourishment from the tree as to kill it entirely. It has been found growing in bunches of a very large size. In Florida they have been found as large as a hogshead. From a single Live Oak tree as much was cut as would be a good load for a hay wagon, and its foliage was equal

in bulk to the foliage of the tree itself. The species of Mistletoe of Europe, *Viscum album* is different from ours. It was a sacred plant with the Druids, and up to the present time is hung up in the room at Christmas time; and ladies passing under it are subject to a toll from any gentleman who chooses to take it.

Another curious plant of a parasitic nature is the dodder, *Cuscuta*. This is that yellowish colored plant commonly seen climbing and twining over other plants, and which sometimes causes great mischief in cultivated fields. It starts in life like any other plant; that is, it germinates from a seed, and has at first a root. But as it grows, and the stem reaches for and twines on other plant stems, the root dies, the stem severs its connection with the earth, and depends for the balance of its life on the nutriment it can secure from the plant upon which it has fastened itself. It sends its suckers deep into the stem of its benefactor, and absorbing all the vitality from it, is eventually the cause of its death. One species of the genus, *Cuscuta racemosa*, has been very injurious in Europe, and latterly in California. In Europe it appeared quite suddenly, and for ten or twelve years was an awful pest in Alfalfa or Lucerne fields. By energetic measures it has almost disappeared from the old world, and within a few years has again made its appearance in Alfalfa seed imported from Chili and cultivated in California and other parts of the country.

*Monotropa uniflora*, the Corpse Plant, so called from its white appearance, is a curious and anomalous member of the large order of Heaths, the Ericaceæ. It is not rare in this locality, but always attracts the attention of the wanderer and frequenter of woods on account of its beauty. Though not a genuine parasite, it perhaps attaches itself to the roots of various species of trees, and drawing its nourishment from them for a time, afterwards lives on the material furnished by decaying vegetable matter. Though very innocuous in appearance, a bad story has been told of it. It is said to be poisonous. A lady, when handling the fresh plant, had some of the juice driven on her lips. These being chapped at the time, produced sores like the poisoning of the *Rhus toxicodendron*. There is another side to the story; for another



writer says that the expressed juice taken internally is highly recommended for nervous irritation and epilepsy, and applied externally is good for ophthalmia. He gives an instance in which in four weeks a very severe inflammation of the eyes was cured by applying the fresh juice of the stem of the plant to the inflamed surfaces. When such opposite testimony is given in respect to its properties, it is difficult to decide which may be right; perhaps both are so. But speaking for myself, I can only say that I have handled many specimens of the plant, and have not as yet experienced any bad effects from it. But as the *Rhus toxicodendron* has never affected me, either, the evidence may be negative evidence.

This plant is a remarkable instance of wide distribution, as it is found nearly throughout the United States and British America, and in Mexico, and it even extends across the Pacific to Japan and India, and is another one of the resemblances between the floras of the two continents.

Still another of the curious parasitic plants, as remarkable for being red as this species is for being white, is the *Sarcodes sanguinea*, or Snow Plant of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It belongs to the *Ericaceæ*, and its natural habitat is in the mountains, at from four to nine thousand feet elevation, growing amidst the snow, and blooming as soon as that melts away. It is parasitic on the roots of the Pine tree, and differing in its distribution from the *Monotropa* in being limited to the coniferous woods of California.

It would be interesting, but at the same time a matter requiring considerable investigation, to discover the cause of the parasitism of plants belonging to orders the other members of which show no such tendency whatever. In the case of the *Dodder*, belonging to the same family as the *Morning Glory* and other plants having large green leaves, this genus *Cuscuta*, is the only one which is



CORPSE PLANT, OR  
INDIAN PIPE.

parasitic. The parasitic plants are of two kinds: those having green leaves and those in which the leaves are reduced to mere scales, of a yellow, red or brown color, sometimes colorless. The *Mistletoe* is an example of the first and the *Dodder*, or *Monotropa*, of the second. Now the *Mistletoe*, though a true parasite, takes the crude ascending sap of the branch into its own system and reduces it to its wants, by the aid of the chlorophyll of the leaves. But in the case of the *Dodder*, or the *Monotropa*, the fully elaborated matter only is used. And as chlorophyll is used only for the purpose of the elaboration of the crude food of the plant, when this food is found already prepared and is used by parasites, they have no need of the chlorophyll. The question then arises, what was the cause of the plant assuming a parasitic habit? Sachs says that according to the theory of descent, those parasites "which contain no chlorophyll are the transformed descendants of leafy ancestors which did form chlorophyll, but which gradually became accustomed to take up the assimilated food materials of other plants or other available products of decomposition; and the more they did this the less needful did it become for the plants themselves to assimilate. The green leaves, therefore, became meaningless, and ceased to form chlorophyll; but without chlorophyll the leaves were of little or no service to the new formation, and therefore, as little substance as possible was employed in their development, and they gradually degenerated."

This is very true, but it still leaves us in the dark as to the cause of the assumption of the parasitic habit, and we are likely to remain in the dark. There is a species of *Mistletoe* belonging to the genus, *Arceuthobium*, which has viscid seeds, so viscid that bird lime is made from them. Now birds do not like these seeds, but by becoming attached to the feathers, the plant may become widely distributed; but besides the viscosity, it has a power of being shot out of the "endocarp" for a considerable distance, and is thus readily distributed. The seeds of *Phoradendron* have no power of projection, and why two genera otherwise closely allied are yet so different, is a matter for speculation. In this connection, some remarks by Mr. MEEHAN



(Phila. Acad. Pro.) may be of interest: "Did *Arceuthobium* at one time exist when or where there were no birds, and had it to depend on the projection alone for its distributing power, and is the viscidty a later development? Did *Phoradendron* once possess this power, and has it abandoned it from having, through the ages, found out that it travels well enough without its exercise? Or is it, rather, that nature loves to aim expressly at variety, and is continually exhibiting her power to accomplish the same end by a wonderful variety of means? But whatever may be thought of the various theories of development, and the laws of final causes which may have operated to produce changes, there can be but little doubt but parasitism is an acquired habit, and the endeavor to find out what these plants were and how they behaved before they were parasites, is fast becoming one of the most interesting of biological studies."

Since the above was written, an idea has occurred to me which may be worthy of consideration. It is in regard to the anomalous conduct of the parasitic *Cuscuta*, when compared with the other members of the family. The majority of the plants of the *Convolvulacæ* are twiners and creepers. *Cuscuta* is of the former. Now, suppose that the ancestors of the genus merely had the habit of the Morning Glory, or the Cypress Vine, and climbed and twined over plants as they do; suppose by any accident, that after twining closer than usual about the stem of the plant upon which it was fastened, it caused the decay of that part of the stem immediately beneath it. Would it not have a tendency to send into this decayed spot rootlets or suckers? Suppose this to be the case, and that it was enabled by this means to mature its seeds sooner than the plants which had not sent the suckers into the stem, and that they had a better chance



SNOW PLANT.

to develop than thousands of other seeds. The progeny of the plant with the suckers would, in all probability, through the laws of inheritance, have a tendency to the same habit of producing suckers. This, if it proved beneficial in any way, would in the course of generations become a firmly established habit. And if, from at first, by simply producing a few suckers, it gradually sent more and more, it would finally reach the time when its connection with the earth would not be necessary any longer than to afford it a means of germination. The green leaves would, of course, in the meantime, be degenerating more and more, and becoming smaller and smaller, until at last they disappeared, and as a result, we have produced the parasite as we now find it. —JOS. F. JAMES, *Custodian, Cincinnati Society Natural History.*

\*NOTE.—The substance of this article was read before the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, October 3d. 1882, and was illustrated by a large bunch of *Monotropa uniflora*, and some dried specimens of other parasites. There were seventy-seven specimens in the bunch of *Monotropa*, and I have since examined it to try and discover if any connection existed between its roots and the mass of roots around and among which it was growing. I was unable to detect the slightest connection. Although the roots of the *Monotropa* formed a large mass, and in some instances surrounded the fibrous roots of the tree under which it was found growing, in no case did it appear that the rootlets of the supposed parasite had penetrated into the rootlets of the tree.

The mass of roots resembled the mycelium of a fungus more than anything else, and I came to the conclusion that at that period of the life of the plant at least, it drew its nourishment entirely from the decaying vegetable matter amidst which it grew. Whether at a previous period it was connected with the rootlets of the tree, I cannot, of course, say, but appearances are against it.

### BLACKBERRIES.

Having tried all the varieties of the Blackberries; I find Lawton and Wilson's Early too apt to winter-kill to be profitable in this locality. Kittatinny is not injured oftener than once in four or five years. But the Snyder I have found perfectly hardy. It bears immense crops and the berries are of good quality, but not quite as large as Kittatinny. The latter for the private garden and the Snyder for the market will give satisfaction in this part of the country. One cannot afford to lose his crop every year or two by frost, and hardiness in this respect is an essential quality.—W. H., *Reading, Pa.*



## A PEEP AT THINGS INVISIBLE.

We are surrounded by things that most people never see, things both animate and inanimate, and very numerous, curious and beautiful, and they are useful, profitable and beneficial.

The other day I was in the country, and going along passed several Cotton plantations. In one quiet place I was tempted to get over the fence and pluck one or two of the white flowers of the Cotton plant and bring them with me. When at home I took one of the flowers, and with a pair of small shears cut out the column of stamens from the center of the flower, with the anthers loaded with pollen. While holding the stamen bundle with one hand, with a fine Camel-hair brush in the other, I brushed the pollen on to a slip of glass, it looked like fine yellow dust. I put it under the microscope, and looking through the tube saw thousands of bright yellow balls covered with little sharp pointed projections. Then I secured and fixed the pollen grains on the glass slip and put them

away among a very large number of other invisible things I have for future observation.



GRAIN OF POLLEN OF ABUTILON, MAGNIFIED 550 DIAMETERS.

While looking at these minute pollen grains, unseen by the naked eye, I was led to think what great events hang upon little things. Little seeds produce large trees, but these pollen grains are more wonderful than little seeds, for they produce the seed. And in these hidden golden grains are stored up what enriches the Cotton planter, and fills the coffers of thousands of merchants and manufacturers, and supplies millions with the means of procuring the necessities of life, furnishing clothing for half the population of the globe, as well as producing innumerable articles for the common comforts of life. When clothing is worn out it is sold to the paper maker, and he converts it into one of the most useful articles in commerce; a great part of it goes to the printer, on which he sends forth the thoughts of good and wise men, and distributes them broadcast among the learned and illiterate. And all this

wealth and worth, through a superintending Providence, is dependent on little grains of pollen, unseen without the aid of the microscope.

And, besides, the pollen produces seed for future generations of Cotton plants, and the seeds have qualities making them valuable in many ways. While the pollen dust was under the microscope and I was admiring its beauties and thinking of the functions it performs, I was led to compare a Cotton plant with a Tobacco plant. For more than fifty years I have been at a loss to know what good there is in Tobacco. I have seen some of its bad effects on others, but never any good, and I long since came to the conclusion that it is bad and only bad and always bad when consumed by human beings. Neither animals nor reptiles will use it or come near it. And I can say here, as I once said when asked why I did not smoke, "because it is unmanly, undignified, unintellectual and inconsistent with the character of human beings. It is frivolous, silly, foolish." But Tobacco is not a pleasant subject. Perhaps at some other time I may write a little more about things invisible.—W. FARNELL, *Macon, Ga.*

Having no pollen of the Cotton plant, we have prepared an engraving showing a grain of pollen of Abutilon, greatly enlarged. The pollen of the Abutilon, Hollyhock, Hibiscus, the Cotton and other Malvaceous plants, have their pollen grains of similar form, but varying in size.

## IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Like voices in a room where one is dying,  
Low with the awe that always comes with death,  
I hear the wind among the branches sighing,  
As earth sits dreaming with abated breath.

The leaves are falling in a gorgeous shower  
Of gold and crimson on the hillside slopes,  
And, robbed all ruthlessly of summer's dower,  
The trees stand grieving as o'er vanished hopes.

The sky is tender as the smile a mother  
Gives to a child that o'er its losses grieves,  
And with her kind caresses she would smother  
The tears that fall, as fall the ripened leaves.

No wonder earth is sad for sweet things dying,  
And grieves to think of bloom and beauty fled;  
Though she may call, there will be no replying,  
And so she mourns to-day, un comforted.

Be patient, earth; you have your time of losses,  
Of vanished brightness and of things to miss;  
And as the souls of men bear on their crosses,  
Forgetting what may be in that which is.

But unto you another spring returning  
Will bring new gladness; and to souls of men  
Will come the spring for which each one is yearning,  
And that which seemeth dead will live again.

—EBEN E. REXFORD, *Shiocton, Wis.*



**STATICE LATIFOLIA.**

C. R. B., page 281, asks for information on the subject of raising this plant from seeds. I raise some every year and find no difficulty whatever. I sow my seeds in February or March, in three or four inch pots filled with light sandy soil, cover them one-twelfth or one-sixteenth of an inch deep, water gently and sparingly at the time of sowing and no more than I can help after, till the seedlings appear; the pots are then placed in a shaded greenhouse having a night temperature of about 60°. Seedlings appear in four or five days, and when they are a few days old, I prick them off thickly into other pots or shallow boxes, out of which, as



STATICE LATIFOLIA.

soon as the seedlings have grown enough to touch one another, I transplant them again into other boxes or a frame. I sow my seeds in pots or boxes because of the vast number of different kinds of plants I have to raise from seed every year, but if I had only a few sorts to raise, such as most amateurs have, I would raise them in a cold frame or in boxes in the house or in a shady, mellow piece of ground, and two or three months later than I do now. The fall is the usual season for sowing seeds of perennials, but in the case of the Statice, I cannot get ripe seeds of it till too late for fall sowing. The seeds of Statice, Armerias and some others, as sold by seedsmen, are usually uncleaned, that is, they are left in their chaffy casing. Now, before I sow them, I rub off and blow away this casing and sow my seeds as clean as if they were Turnip seed. The seeds will germinate well enough without being freed from the husk, but are more likely to "damp off." This Statice is, in my opinion, the best hardy species of the genus, a first class garden plant, very hardy, easy to grow, and profuse in blooming,

and it flowers in August, September and with October, at a time when hardy garden flowers are somewhat scarce. It blossoms the second year from seeds, and seems to grow in strength and beauty with each succeeding year. I grow about a dozen hardy kinds of Statice, most of them perennials, and I raise them all from seeds.—W. F., *Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, Mass.*

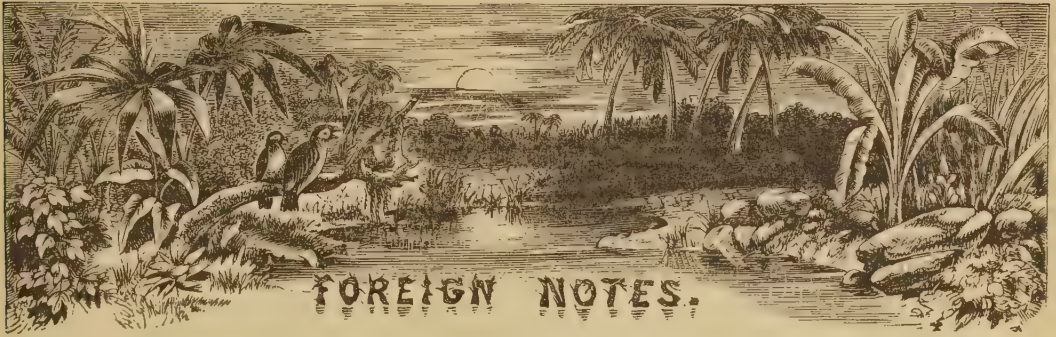
**BLOOMING OF CALADIUMS.**

If C. M., who wrote in the August number, will come out west only as far as Madison Co., Ohio, he can have the pleasure of seeing my Caladium in bloom. I do not think it uncommon for them to bloom; at least, mine has bloomed before, though the bloom is not white, but rather yellow. It has been in bloom a week or two, and still has several buds, all from the same stock. It was wintered in a cellar, brought up and potted in March, and set out when warm enough, which was late this year, the first of June anyhow. It has had some liquid manure, but not regular nor often. I don't think the bloom amounts to much, and would rather have large leaves and plenty of them, for I always notice that when it blooms the leaves are not so nice.—V. P.

**FRAUDULENT TREE DEALERS.**

At this time, when so many new varieties of fruit, and especially small fruits and Grapes, are offered to the public at high prices, there are unusual temptations to tree dealers to supply old varieties that cost but little instead of the genuine and expensive ones; and, what is worse, there are strong reasons for believing, and speaking for myself I may say I know, that many of these dealers are unequal to the trial of their honesty to which they are exposed. It is a fact that the very lowest priced varieties of Grapes, Strawberries, Raspberries, Currants and some other kinds are labelled with the names of new varieties and supplied to customers at high prices, they at the time believing they are receiving the genuine varieties for which they bargained. Besides advising the public to purchase only of dealers and nurserymen of responsibility and of established reputation, I cannot suggest an efficient remedy.—ONE WHO KNOWS.





### SINGLE DAHLIAS.

Great exhibits have been made of single Dahlias at the flower shows in England the present season, and it is probable that they will soon become popular in this country. There are now many fine varieties of different shades of color; there are dark and light yellow, pure white, creamy white, buff, mauve, maroon, orange, various shades of violet, crimson, red, scarlet and lilac. Of these the *Gardeners' Chronicle* says, "We cannot help thinking they will be a great boon to gardeners, not only as cut flowers, but also as enlivening objects in the shrubbery bed or border, as well as in masses by themselves, during the autumn months. Planted among Rhododendrons they have a fine effect in the distance at this season, and now that we have so many distinct varieties, what would look better than beds of them planted *en masse*. As cut flowers they are invaluable, and if they were only hot house plants, such as Eucharis, we venture to think they would have been received with open arms by the million before now. What better effect has the Eucharis than that charming variety, White Queen? And are there not yellows, like Canary and lutea grandiflora, as effective for a large dinner table arrangement as the best grown Allamanda? A variety called Orangeman is of a deep, striking shade. A very fine mauve red, called Pink of Perfection, is very pretty, as also Clarissa, a deep crimson of beautiful shape; White Star, with a beautiful tinge of pink in it; Richness, a small dark crimson flower; Mauve Queen, Yellow Queen, Ne Plus Ultra, a flower of the Paragon stamp, but with rather more substance.

"Popular as the single Dahlias undoubtedly are, it is doubtful, however, if they

will entirely displace the pompon varieties for garden decoration. The latter are decidedly freer in blooming, and they are much more durable when cut and placed in water. These are two great advantages, that are bound to tell in the long run. The flowers of the pompon varieties are generally small, symmetrical, and bright colored, and they have a singularly compact growth. The old tall forms, of four and a half or five feet in height, have gradually given place to varieties that are truly dwarf, and they are exceedingly attractive in the flower garden."

### BEGONIA CULTURE.

MALET, in *Revue Horticole*, describes what he calls a "new culture" of Begonias. It consists, in fact, in the practice of pinching, making the plant to send out numerous short branches. This is done both with the tuberous and with those varieties commonly known as free flowering. The pinching is commenced when the plants are three or four inches high, and continued until they are handsome, well formed plants. By this practice, he says, "I have obtained plants of great beauty, twenty inches and more in diameter, and about sixteen inches high, forming compact hemispheres entirely covered with flowers."

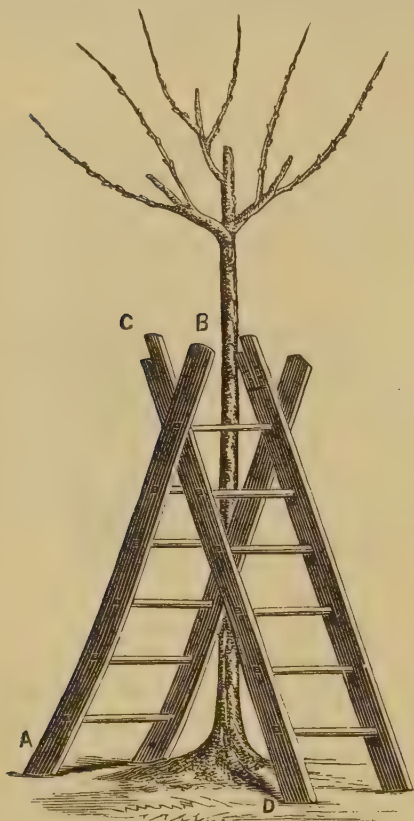
### THE POTATO CROP IN ENGLAND.

The Potato disease was manifesting itself considerably in England in mid-autumn, with a prospect that much damage would result from it by the close of the season and later. Agricultural writers there have been advising the practice of the Jensen method of protection, on account of which has been given in our pages; very little good is likely to result from it to this crop, as it was undertaken too late.



### A GARDEN LADDER.

A writer in a late number of *Revue Horticole* describes and gives an illustration, here reproduced, of what he calls a perfect garden ladder. Its construction may at once be perceived by examination of the engraving. In the position shown it has the form of a step ladder, and as



such may be used under and about small trees for gathering fruit, pruning or grafting. When straightened out so that the side C, D forms a continuation of A, B, it forms a long ladder, the point C striking against the upper round of the lower part. If desired, the two parts can be separated, making two short ladders. A useful size is about nine feet for each length.

### LARGE MARECHAL NIEL PLANT.

A Durham journal gives an account of a Marechal Niel Rose tree, growing at Whitby. It was planted eighteen years ago. It is against a wall, and reaches horizontally one hundred and two feet, having branches or arms that extend forty-eight feet on one side, and fifty-four feet on the other of the parent stem. Last year 2,500 Roses were taken from it, and this year 3,500 were counted on it.

### THE EDELWEISS.

The cultivation of this plant, which at one time was thought to be very difficult, is proving to be comparatively easy. A gardener in England "treats it as a biennial, and raises a batch of seedlings every year. This year the seed was sown July 25th, immediately after it was ripe, ordinary seed-pans being used, and peat was the soil, with a little silver sand on the surface. In fourteen days many seedling plants were above the surface, and they are growing away in the most satisfactory manner. The soil in the seed-pans is kept moist, and they are stood, somewhat raised, under the plant stage of a greenhouse, where the plants are shaded from the sun, and care is taken that no water drip into the pans. The young plants are kept in the pans all the winter, then picked off singly into small pots in March, grown on into size, and planted out in the rock garden in May, and here they grow freely and bloom profusely. The sandstone appears to suit the Edelweiss well, the roots seem to fasten themselves to it and produce good vigorous plants."

### TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.

The Tuberous Begonias are proving themselves to be particularly well adapted to growing in baskets. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* says, "The first varieties that were experimented with were such old-fashioned, but still useful, varieties as *Weltenhalliana* and *Sutherlandi*, which make really model basket plants; but no one seemed to think the large-flowered section could be utilized for the same purpose. Messrs. JOHN LAING & Co., of the Stanstead Park Nursery, are, however, gradually dispelling this illusion, and have at the present time in their nursery some excellent examples which make as perfect basket specimens as need be. The shoots require a little regulating and tying down in a young state, but beyond this little difficulty will be experienced in making them into handsome basket plants for the greenhouse or conservatory." The writer suggests the plants be "associated with Maiden Hair Fern, or such like plants, against which those intensely bright colors have quite an enlivening effect." *Louis Bouchet* and *Campanula-flora* are recommended as two of the best varieties for the purpose.



### THE SUNFLOWER.

It appears the Sunflower has been the flower of the season in England this year as it has in this country, where, at the watering places and resorts, evening entertainments and on the street it has been presented very conspicuously. "Wiltshire Rector," in the *Journal of Horticulture*, writes about it at some length, and from this paper are culled and presented here a few passages. "Until a year or two since in the garden of some very out-of-the-way farm house you might have seen uprising by a wall a Sunflower or two, and my Lady or Miss driving past, if they could see such vulgar things, would have said in scorn, 'What horrid staring things those are.' They would not have called



them flowers. But now Sunflowers are in bonnets, Sunflowers are in the hand or pinned on the dress, or are laid on the book board at church by hands wearing No. 6, or even dainty No. 5½ gloves. Enter houses, there amid some pretty white, fluffy stuff in drawing room hearth are Sunflowers higher, higher up; on the hearth-stone itself lies a perfect flooring of Sunflowers, like shells on the sea shore, while on brackets around in some queer, dingy, ill-shaped, but æsthetic-colored bit of crockery stands up a Sunflower." The "Rector" tells in what estimation the Sunflower was held until very recently, the plants being used for the seed for feeding to poultry, or to cows, or for manufacturing oil, or for purifying the air, for which they have had a reputation but little below the Eucalyptus, or for the use of the stems for fuel. "Methinks I hear some æsthetic damsel exclaim to her beloved flower, 'O! to what base uses thou mayest come.' Still the fact re-

mains, that until quite recently the floral beauty of this high growing plant was absolutely ignored."

Our writer gives something of the history of this plant in England as found in various works on gardening, noticing "Gerard pretty accurately says, 'The middle part of the flower is made as it were of unshorn velvet, or some curious cloth wrought with the needle, which brave work, if you mark it well, it seemeth to be an innumerable sort of small flowers resembling the nozzle of a candlestick broken from the foot thereof.'"

The conclusion is that the "revival of these flowers in their improved condition is a gain to gardening and gardens. Giving them a very high place as flowers is absurd. They deserve a better use than their ancestors of forty years back, which were planted to hide an ugly old wall or a pig sty. The Sunflower mania is owing quite as much to the farce called 'Patience,' intended to ridicule the æsthetic movement as to the æsthetic movement itself."

"Let me transcribe one little passage more from old Gerard. 'The buds before they be flowered may be boiled and eaten with butter, vinegar and pepper.' 'Oh, fie,' an æsthetic would say. 'Boiled,' I scream! I faint! Boil and eat what I desire to live up to!' In conclusion, I would say, only cultivate the improved varieties, and plant them in suitable situations." And, we would add, be sure and find the suitable situation in a somewhat retired spot.

### RED SPIDER.

A writer in a late number of the *Garden* relates some of his experience with Red Spider, by which he quite conclusively shows that it is not only in a dry air, as commonly supposed, that this insect takes up its abode and multiplies upon a plant, but when a plant is in a temperature higher than is suitable for it. He gives examples of such cases in his practice, which he supplied with water by syringing and dipping, and by saturating the atmosphere, all to no purpose. Finally, when the plants were removed to a lower temperature, which was found to be more suited to them, the insects disappeared. It is often said that insects most frequently attack plants that are enfeebled. Is not this a case in point?



### CHURCHYARDS INTO GARDENS.

Many of the old Churchyards in and about London, that have not been used for interment for a number of years, are being converted into gardens for public use. "From what appears to be going on at present in certain crowded districts of the metropolis," says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, "it would seem that we are in the eve of a great reformation as regards the future of many of our old graveyards, and the change cannot be said to have come a moment too soon." At one of these places, now partially improved, that of St. John's, at Horsleydown, it is said that "from 1,000 to 1,200 people avail themselves of the privilege of spending the Sunday evening, enjoying the pure air and the groups of flowers and shrubs, which, considering the locality, are wonderfully good, fresh, and in some instances, even attractive."

### DWARF APPLE TREES.

The *Gardeners' Chronicle* thinks that Apples might be profitably raised in that country on the Paradise Stock, and to it "it seems strange, and in many respects incomprehensible, why more market growers have not before now ventured" to raise Apples in this way; and it says, "There seems to be no obstacle in the way, if growers will only exercise discrimination in selecting free-bearing varieties, and plant in a warm soil." From our own standpoint these remarks appear to be worthy of attention, especially when the high price that Apples bring in England is considered. For small gardens in this country dwarf Apple trees on the Paradise Stock enable one to raise quite a variety of kinds in a small space, but our standard orchards are so productive that dwarf trees are exclusively confined to the amateur's grounds.

### A HEDGE OF DAHLIAS.

The *Journal of Horticulture* notes a correspondent who writes in relation to a Dahlia hedge. Last year he sowed a packet of single Dahlia seed, and raised four dozen plants from it. He selected the best from them and stored the roots away. In April he divided the largest roots and then planted them out, fifteen inches apart in a row, in the kitchen garden. The young plants grew well, and

when they were about a foot high they were supplied with bushy stakes, after the manner of Peas, that is, crossing them and slanting them outwards on each side of the row, only, they were placed so as to slant out wider than for Peas. "Now," he remarks, in August, "we can gather flowers by the hundred, and if the plants were protected from early frost they would keep flowering for a long time."

### HORTICULTURE IN RUSSIA.

In order to commemorate its twenty-fifth anniversary, the Imperial Horticultural Society of Russia will hold a Special Exhibition in connection with a Congress of Botanists and Horticulturists at St. Petersburg, from the 17th to the 28th of next May. Exhibits from all nations and countries are desired, and delegates will be received from any or all Horticultural and Botanical Societies throughout the world. Particular information in regard to the matter may be obtained by addressing Dr. REGEL, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg.

### LONDON CHILDREN IN GARDENS.

The Inner Temple Gardens of London were open the past summer for three months, every evening from six until nine. They were visited nightly by thousands of poor children from the close and crowded districts. It is stated that, notwithstanding the number of young visitors nightly, there was not an instance of damage or injury occasioned by them.

### GOOSEBERRIES IN ENGLAND.

Greater attention than ever is now given to Gooseberry growing for market in England. The prices obtained for crops on the ground the past season have ranged from three hundred and fifty dollars (£70) to five hundred dollars (£100) per acre. Much of the crop is bought up and manufactured in the north of England into champagne.

NAMED VARIETIES.—And now our English gardening friends are bringing out named varieties of the Sunflower. Among them are Oscar Wilde, Lord Dundreary, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry and Æstheticus. Isn't this just a little too much even for simplicity itself?





## PLEASANT GOSSIP.

### INQUIRIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Will you please tell me all about Aconitum, or Monkshood? I never saw its blossoms until this summer, and I was delighted with it. It is certainly more beautiful and curious than Perennial Larkspur. How can I obtain it? Does it grow from seed? When is the proper time to sow the seed or set out plants?

I want to tell you what a pleasant surprise and delight I experienced last winter. I procured a bulb of Grand Primo White Polyanthus Narcissus in October. I potted it in the same manner as my Hyacinths, and set the pot in a barrel in the cellar. I soon found it needed more room, as the white roots were on the surface of the pot, so I shifted it into a six inch pot, using good, rich earth. In December I found it was out of the ground an inch and a half, and concluded it was too warm in the cellar, and therefore set it out in my pit and kept it there five or six weeks. Then I brought it into the house, and in about two weeks it began to blossom. The first stem had five blossoms and the next had fourteen perfect blossoms on it at a time. It was several weeks before it finished blooming, and the house was filled with its fragrance. Every one had expressions of delight to make at its beauty and perfume. When it had produced all of its flowers I put it out in the pit and it remained there until warm weather. I kept it moist and the leaves were green until June, when I removed it to the ground where the leaves soon died. Later, when I examined it I found two nice bulbs. These I have separated and shall use them this winter for blooming. Will they do well? I think I enjoyed that plant last winter more than any Hyacinth I ever had.

I have Baronne Prevost Rose that is now four years old and has not been without buds and blossoms since the first of last June. To-day, September 14th, I cut three blossoms from it, and there are a dozen buds yet to blossom. La France and Hermosa are also in blossom, but I had to give them extra care last winter. I had barrels sawed in two and put over them; then, after the ground froze, I filled the barrels full of dry leaves, then I had some covers made and placed them on, with a stone on each to hold it down, and thus kept them nicely until the ground thawed out in the spring. I took the covers off, but did not remove the leaves in the barrels until April, when the buds had started, and then I left the leaves around the plants as a mulching. Baronne Prevost was too large to treat the same way, so I bent it over on the ground, covered it with leaves as well as I could and placed a few small pieces of boards on them to keep the wind from blowing them away. In the spring it was in fine condition. I left the leaves around it, and every

week on washing day I give it two or three pails of suds. Although we have had no rain for several weeks I think the bush will blossom until frost and cold weather stops it.

I have been told hard coal ashes can be used in the place of sand in potting soil, please inform me if it can be so used, as some complain they cannot have plants in the house or yard as the soil needs sand, and they cannot procure it.—Mrs. H. L., *Atlantic, Ia.*

Aconitum Napellus, or the common Monkshood, is a native of Europe; it is a hardy, herbaceous perennial, flowering in this latitude in early summer. It is raised from seeds and by division of the roots, and succeeds well with ordinary garden culture. The flowers are large, of an intense blue, and are produced in great numbers, in long, close racemes. There is a variety of it with white flowers, but quite similar in most other respects. Besides this species there are, also, several others well worthy of cultivation, that bloom at different times during the summer.

The young Narcissus bulbs, if strong, will do for potting for winter bloom, but pot-grown bulbs are not usually as strong as those raised in the open ground.

We should much prefer sand to coal ashes to mellow a heavy soil, and for potting soil should make quite an effort to procure sand, rather than to accept ashes. But if ashes were the only alternative, we should use them, taking unusual pains to mix them with the soil in the most thorough manner, and also adding a large proportion of pulverized dried cow manure to the mixture.

### CHRISTMAS FERN.

Please state whether the Christmas Fern would be hardy here.—A. M., *Chariton, Iowa.*

The Christmas, or Holly Fern, *Aspidium acrostichoides*, is quite hardy in Iowa; it will only need a well drained and somewhat shaded spot to thrive well.



### TUBEROSES.

Please let me know through the ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY how many kinds of Tuberoses there are, and oblige.—J. R., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

The Tuberose is so called on account of its peculiar bulb, the name meaning, like a tuber. Tuberose is the common name, the botanical name being *Polianthes*. There are two species of *Polianthes* known, one being *P. gracilis*, a native of Brazil, of no particular merit as a cultivated plant, and the other *P. tuberosa*, so well known. The latter is a native of the East Indies. For a long time after it was brought into cultivation only the original single form was known, but subsequently a double flowered plant was produced and has since been perpetuated as a variety. A few years since a dwarf or lower growing variety than the ordinary double flowered was originated. This variety is known as the "Pearl." As it has much larger flowers with more numerous petals than the old double sort it is now very extensively raised, and is preferred to it, although the other is still much cultivated. There is a variety, also, with variegated foliage, but this peculiarity has not been of sufficient merit to bring it out very prominently or excite much admiration; it has single flowers. In contrast with the plain-leaved plants it is pleasing, especially when raised as a pot or vase plant.

A variety with single flowers, known as the "Orange-flowered," is now in the trade; the flowers are pure white, and its name refers to its fragrance, for which it is said to excel the Pearl and the common double and to rival Orange blossom. For our own part we should not think that Orange blossoms are more fragrant than those of Tuberose Pearl, and it does not seem that a heavier perfume can be desirable. Undoubtedly there may be other strains propagated on account of some slight peculiarities and having local reputations, but those named above are the principal ones. In the future we may expect others to appear from time to time, and, in fact, even now there is one of late origin that is claimed to be earlier than the Pearl or the common double. We cannot, at the present time, advise our readers that it has any claims over the Pearl, and we doubt if anything superior to it will very soon be found.

### CLEMATIS AND HYDRANGEA.

JAMES VICK:—I write to ask if the *Clematis Jackmanii* and *Clematis candida* are guaranteed to bloom next year if set out this fall? I understand that they must be three years old before they will bloom. Also, can *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* be transplanted in the fall? I want to get those which will bloom next summer, as I am too old to wait years for what I may never live to see.—E. J. D., *Sandoval, Illinois.*

We have in our grounds at the time of writing this, a large number of *Clematis* of both the above named varieties, which were planted last spring, and are now full of bloom. The plants sold by florists ought to bloom the first summer after being set out, and the early fall is a good time for transplanting. Some slight protection should be afforded the first winter to prevent the plant being lifted by the the frost.

*Hydrangea* can be transplanted in the fall.

### FERNS IN A CONSERVATORY.

What kinds of Ferns are suitable for a conservatory that has very little sunlight? I would like a few that will live in a house heated by furnace and lighted by gas.—M. C. B., *Albion, N. Y.*

We fear it will be a hard fate for any plants in the circumstances mentioned, but would suggest the employment of those of a firm texture, such as are most species of *Pteris* and *Lomaria gibba*, *L. falcata* and *Cyrtomium falcatum*; perhaps *Lygodium scandens* may succeed, and yet others. Thin and soft-leaved plants should be avoided, and among these are some of the handsomest of the *Adiantums* that one would first be tempted to have in his collection. If they are tried, it should be with caution.

### CLEMATIS IN THE HOUSE.

I have lately seen some of your *Clematis Jackmanii*, which I think very beautiful. Can you assure me that one could live beside a Passion Flower in the house, this winter? I would like you to tell me, please, how I can make it a house plant. Lake winds are so hard on pretty climbers.—MRS. W. M. D., *Chicago, Ill.*

This favorite climber is not intended for house culture. It is possible to raise and bloom it in the house, but, of course, it will not grow as thriftily as out of doors.

FLOWERS AT THE SOUTH.—Reports from the South upon garden flowering plants are omitted in this number for want of space, but will appear next month.



### STRAWBERRY BUSH.

In my walks about Macon, I meet with plants and flowers and fruit which to me are interesting, such as I have not seen elsewhere, and their beauty, or some other peculiarity sometimes induces me to bring them home for others to share the pleasure of seeing them. Yesterday, I collected the one I have sent by this mail and ask if you will please give the name in the *MAGAZINE*. In a wood near by they are rather plentiful, and, just now, the crimson fruit looks very beautiful, hanging on the branches like trinkets or jewels.—W. F., *Macon, Ga.*

The specimen alluded to proved to be *Euonymus Americana*, commonly known as Strawberry Bush. The shrub grows some five or six feet high and is very ornamental in fruit, and is often cultivated. It is hardy in nearly all parts of the country. A trailing variety of it, known as *obovatus*, is reported in *Wheeler and Smith's Flora*, as common in Michigan, but the species does not occur there. Another species of native *Euonymus*, *E. atropurpurea*, furnishes the celebrated Wahoo bark.

### SPIDERS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

Please inform me what will keep spiders from making webs on house plants, and oblige. We are taking your *MAGAZINE*, and are well pleased with it, we could not do without it.—Miss J. A., *Kellogg, Ia.*

Sponging the leaves on both sides and syringing the plants so that the water is thrown on the under as well as upper sides of the leaves, will be effectual.

### CALLAS.

I wish to make a few inquiries in regard to the culture of the Calla. Which is the most desirable, a pot with or without a drain? Is a pot holding a gallon large enough for one bulb?—M. W.

Most plants require drainage, and the Calla is no exception. It should have a good supply of water while making its growth and more while flowering. A gallon pot is large enough, though a smaller one will serve as well.

### EGG PLANT.

Among the seeds you sent us, last year, was a paper of Egg Plant, which turned out to be a very fine crop, but one we let go ahead until it was ripe, when it measured thirty-one and one-quarter inches around. Will you let me know, through your *MAGAZINE*, if you have seen larger than this, and you will oblige one of your readers. All the seeds you sent turned out well.—C. F., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

We cannot now remember to have seen a larger specimen than the one here referred to, although we have seen them quite as large. It is a very fine sample, however, and one not to be ashamed of.

### ABOUT HYACINTHS.

Please answer the following questions: Will Hyacinths that bloomed this year in the ground and are now good, sound bulbs, bloom again in the spring? Will Hyacinths of two years' growth from the old one bloom the third year?—X.

The Hyacinths will bloom the second year in the ground, though not so strong as the first, and will become less vigorous every year. In Holland, growers bloom bulbs the third year, but whether our correspondent can do so is another question. For house culture, the only satisfactory plan to adopt is to purchase annually Holland grown bulbs.

### PROSPEROUS KANSAS.

The Kansas State Board of Agriculture issues a circular exhibiting the amount of the grain crops of that state this year, and it is evident that the horn of plenty has there poured out rich treasures. The area cultivated and the returns therefrom are shown by the following figures:

Winter Wheat,	. 1,465,745 acres,	. 33,943,398 bushels.
Spring Wheat,	. . 137,522 "	. 1,791,448 "
Corn,	. . . . . 4,441,836 "	157,005,722 "
Rye,	. . . . . 204,234 "	4,456,400 "
Oats,	. . . . . 529,234 "	21,946,284 "

During the year the population has increased from 932,506 to 969,760.

### GARDENING IN KANSAS.

Thinking you might like to hear of the success of seed planted in this rainless region, as the geographers style this part of the West, I will say, I sent to the Dickinson County Fair, last week, nine kinds of vegetables. I took three premiums. My largest Boston Marrow not only took the premium but received special notice; it weighed twenty pounds and measured thirty-nine and a half inches. My largest Hubbard weighed fourteen and a half pounds, and measured twenty inches in circumference. Six of my Mangel Wurzels weighed twenty-five pounds. We have had no rain for nine weeks till last Wednesday, Sept. 27th.—MRS. J. W. B., *Abilene, Kas.*

SUCCESS.—One of our customers at Wadena, Minn., writes thus of his success last season: "The seeds I got of you were all good. I think every one of them grew. Some of the Mangel Wurzel measured, on Sept. 15th, twenty-four inches round and still growing."

## A SUMMER TRIP.

Early one fine morning in the month of August a party of four ladies, two gentlemen, and the ubiquitous small boy, assembled at the station to take the cars to travel the belt of country adjoining Lake Ontario, from Rochester to Cape Vincent at the head of the St. Lawrence River, and thence among the Thousand Islands. The escape from the counting room, the editor's chair, the school room and household management brought a sense of freedom and exhilaration the more keen in its enjoyment from the rarity of its experience. With watch-

the full capacity of our lungs. The shadows and reflections all about us, the clear river, the bright sky, the fast receding sun burnishing the waves and tinting the clouds, and especially the sunset with its wonderful hues, all conspired, as we swept by and among the beautiful islands, to make a scene more like that we might imagine to be found in fairy land, or in paradise, rather than along the rugged shores of time. As the darkness came on the lights shone out from all the island homes, and in many places lights were arranged in various figures of stars and crescents, and horse shoes and crowns, and in other ways presenting a most brilliant aspect. A little more than two hours quickly passed as we moved along among such scenes until we arrived at Alexandria Bay. Here we found awaiting us our host to escort us to his home further down the river, and we with our luggage were soon aboard some good skiffs, manned by muscular and skillful oarsmen, who pulled us out into the river, and we took our course down stream among the islands by the light of the stars above us. How quickly came



AN ISLAND SCENE.

ing the ever varying landscape, and chatting and reading and lunching, the day on the cars passed pleasantly. Without noticing the many smaller places, it may be mentioned that we lunched at Oswego, and in the middle of the afternoon passed busy, thriving Watertown. Five o'clock brought us to the broad river at Cape Vincent. Our train was a large one, and nearly all pleasure travelers. The hurry skurry of re-checking baggage and boarding the steamers at the wharf made a lively scene. Some crossed the river to Kingston, some found friends to meet them with private yachts and other water conveyances, and we, with many others, found ample accommodation on the good Island Belle, which soon glided quietly and smoothly away on its downward course to Alexandria Bay. The pure, soft air tempted us to draw it in to

back from childhood's hours the old refrain of the "Canadian Boat Song,"

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

Away we went, as the oars were steadily plied, and six good miles brought us to a wharf on the northern shore, and we landed at Poole's Summer Resort, on the soil of the Dominion. A hearty welcome and some grateful refreshments ended the day of travel, and we willingly sought our beds to submit at once to the kind influences of "Nature's sweet restorer."

In the morning we found we were at the home of a thriving farmer, who, with many other admirable qualities unites those of a hospitable landlord. He, with his good wife and faithful servants, made our visit all we could wish or hope. We had found a place of quiet rest, where we could converse and enjoy ourselves in



our own way. Two weeks passed here found us still ready to remain, but we were obliged to return. The first morning, we found at the breakfast table one of our own citizens, and a most agreeable and intelligent lady from Montreal, who entered into our society and plans, and who contributed their many gifts to enhance our enjoyment. The gentleman had been here a considerable time, having left his labors in town as a "fisher of men" to "go-a-fishing," as Peter was accustomed to do before he entered on his humane mission. He entered into the sport with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and if at any time our table was not supplied with good Pickerel it was not his fault. But we have not space to describe with minuteness of detail. We rowed, we fished, we rambled over the fields and the rocks, through the woods, along the lovely roads, we collected botanical specimens every where from land and water. The White and the Yellow Pond Lily, the *Pontederia* and the bright *Nesæa* were always to be had, and the curious *Valisneria spiralis*, with its spirally wound flower stem, showed through the clear water, supporting the little pistillate, white flower just on the surface. The flowers in bloom would make a long list. Ferns and Mosses were growing all over and about the rocks, of which that country is so prolific. We collected seeds of many species of plants, spores of the Ferns, and small insects for microscopic investigation, and all were brought away for further use.

Our clerical friend was no less an enthusiastic amateur photographer than he was a fisherman, and points of beauty and interest were quickly transferred to his "dry plates," and to this source we are indebted for the scenes that here grace our pages.

One day we employed a steam yacht that carried us all about and among the islands, giving us an opportunity to see every thing of interest, and revealing the

most lovely scenery. Another day a party of gentlemen from Brockville, with their private yacht, invited a number of us to join them in a ride down the river among the islands to Brockville. A number of us accepted the invitation and enjoyed a most delightful trip. At Brockville the hospitality shown us was as charming as it was unexpected. Beautiful for situation is Brockville, and altogether a very pleasant town. An hour's ride in the evening on the Grand Trunk, and a sharp walk at the end of it, brought us to our home at the river's side. This little trip was full of interest and incidents



THE OLD MILL.

that will long be remembered. The stories and legends connected with these islands would make a volume.

The old mill, which in its state of dilapidation, adds to the beauty of the little stream which empties into the St. Lawrence River a short distance below "Poole's," has a record which considerably interested us. It is one of the oldest buildings in the neighborhood. The oldest building is the house which stands on the height above it, which was erected by the first owner of the mill, and has been the birthplace of several successive generations. This original owner of the property became respected in his day as a man of vast wealth. He had accumulated vast stores of gold. He was, withal, a very reticent man, lived within himself, had no bank account, and made no man his confidant in financial matters. But when he died "he made no sign,"

and the whereabouts of his "very hard cash" was left in mystery. Strange stories existed that the garden was the place of its deposit. Many times in the years following that garden was examined, every potato pit was opened up, every rock was upturned, and again the field plowed over. Strange relics were discovered, but no "ducats." A few years ago an old woman, a character of established reputation as a clairvoyant, revealed the very spot where the treasure was concealed. Two credulous persons heard the astounding revelation. They went that night with shovels and

and off through the darkness at a flying rate. As a ridiculous conclusion of the farce, we are told that no sooner had the men vanished from sight than the ghosts themselves jumped into the pit, seized the spades and threw up the earth till daylight. But no bags of gold were found, nor is it likely they ever will be.

There have been other frauds in the gold line besides the above. A half mile inland from this point, where the rocks are as large and numerous as those in "the Garden of the Gods" we were shown places where "prospecting" had been done, and on the strength of the fraud mining companies had been organized which succeeded in enticing several thousand pounds sterling from the capitalists of England and the Lower Provinces.

Along the banks of the St. Lawrence in this locality, which in some places are quite high and precipitous, we found traces of excavations which had been made, we were told, by the French over a century ago, when they were contending with the English for the right of possession. These were the French winter quarters. The remains of the old stone chimneys



AN INDIAN CAMP.

pick-axes, with lanterns and torches to the place indicated, and set vigorously to work; they worked till nearly dawn, men never labored so untiringly. A large and deep space had been excavated. In the meantime, another party had heard of the secret and what was being done. They clothed themselves in ghostly garb, and standing at a distance watched the gold seekers, and when the gray dawn of morning began to streak the eastern sky, they ran quickly and seated themselves above the great mound of earth which had been thrown up. A moment after the workers saw these horrid ghosts glaring down upon them, their bony fingers were pointing at them in scorn, and they heard their deep sepulchral tones of derision. The spades were dropped in a flash, and in another instant they were seen scrambling up the sides of the pit

were still visible. The sides were fallen in, grass-grown and covered with shrubbery, and in the center of one of these deep enclosures a tree was growing, having a trunk nearly two feet in diameter. About a mile below this is an island, now called "Chimney Island," but the proper name of which is Fort Lewis, which was also used as the winter quarters of the French army during this war. This island is simply a great rock projecting forty or fifty feet from the water, and, perhaps, having about 2,000 feet of surface. It is a sterile spot, indeed, and is a strange beacon to the voyager, with its towering chimney of cut stone, the only trace remaining of habitations associated with scenes long past and rapidly going into oblivion.

A small camp of Indians had their quarters near us, and were a source of



some interest. Our engraving will give a better idea of their domestic condition than any written description. It does not seem possible that these people in constant intercourse with the whites should contentedly remain in such squalor. They live by fishing and making baskets and bows and arrows. Their wares they sell to the summer residents, starting out with boat loads of them, and disposing of them by the way, and at Alexandria Bay. They usually camp in small parties along the shore at different points, where they can procure supplies from the farmers. A beautiful island opposite our resort, and well known as Poole's Island, a favorite place for picnic parties, was renamed by us with appropriate ceremonies, and given the Indian name Yoyondalai, meaning beautiful island. The name we received from the Indians. Every hour of those bright summer days was filled up with active or passive enjoyment. Much of our pleasure was due to our interest in natural science in some department of which nearly every one of us was engaged. Some preserved bird skins were among the trophies brought home, together with our specimens of insects, rocks, plants, seeds, &c. And, now, dear reader, what do you think we gained in weight by our fortnight's excursion? Our host had asked us to step on the scales when he met us at Alexandria Bay, and we did not wonder at his desire to test our weight again when we returned there one bright morning as we took our departure, for we found that every member of the party had gained in weight from three to ten pounds. So much for our good fare, fresh air and freedom. Our Montreal friend found expression for her enjoyment in rhythm, a stanza or two of which we copy from the *Montreal Witness*:

With late mown hay the meadows still are sweet,  
And, far afield, the reapers I behold;  
A picture they of rustic grace complete,  
Piling their stocks upon the uplands bold,  
Yellow with harvest gold.

And up and down the pleasure barges go,  
Freighted with youth and joy; snatches of song,  
And rippling laughter, hither gently flow,  
While wafts the breeze the voyagers along,  
A happy, careless throng.

The rest is perfect; from the river calm  
Steals over the tired head and idle hands,  
The knitting dropped, a breath of summer calm,  
And with it visions the heart understands  
Of yet diviner lands.

## A FEW THOUGHTS.

It is some time since I've exchanged thoughts with my flower loving friends through the *MAGAZINE*, yet I've thought often of doing so, and wished to speak of my plants and flowers. Our best and sweetest flower, the Rose, is about leaving us. But when we find a few still lingering lovingly around the parent stem, how we appreciate them and exclaim over them. No one can help sighing when he sees "The last Rose of summer." My Roses were unusually fine this spring and summer. The Roses of Mistletoe Vale are quite celebrated for their beauty and sweetness, especially Lamarque and Triomphe du Luxembourg. The latter is the largest Rose bush I have ever seen. It is fully twelve feet high and eighteen feet in circumference, and when in bloom it is truly a beautiful picture. But now only a few small buds remain as a reminder of its former beauty. Yet these few are very dear to me, and I prize them almost as much as the spring Roses.

In the September number of the *MAGAZINE* there is a letter about Long Moss, which is very familiar to me. Around Mistletoe Vale the long gray moss hangs from every tree, the Oak, Hawthorn, and even the tall, stately Pine is covered with it. It looks very pretty growing upon the Pine, especially when it grows so long and winds around and around the body of the tree.

The *MAGAZINE* is as interesting and charming as possible, and I am always glad to receive it. But I know it will bring sad thoughts to me. How much I miss the dear familiar heading to the letters. The two simple words, "Mr. VICK," yet meaning so much. Meaning all that is good and kind, ever ready with help and sympathy. I've seen a few lines exactly suited to our dear friend, they are these:

"When the train passed that finally doth take  
All men as passengers, from day to day,  
He saw one friend, and then another, leave  
The station, for a station far away.

"As baggage, some took this thing, some took that,  
Old creeds and dogmas, mere professions some,  
Of love and goodness; his was kindly deeds,  
Memories of those for his eternal home.

"When the conductor beckoned him to go,  
He was all ready. On the platform stood  
A host of friends who mourned to see him leave,  
He'd been to them so kind, so patient, good.

"'All right,' was heard, and then the train moved on,  
'Good by,' from us, and our dear friend was gone."

—B. A. T., *Mistletoe Vale*, S. C.

## FLOWERS IN SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Last spring I received from your establishment a package of seeds for our school grounds, with the understanding that I report in the fall. I never saw flowers do better, and such a general interest in them. All the dear old ladies in town would like to have gathered a "few seeds," but I told them we were going to let them drop off and seed themselves for next summer.

Our yard is not fenced, so the pupils of my department (Grammar,) raised money



among themselves, purchased materials, and built a lath fence twenty-four feet square, putting in solid posts, and a gate with latch and padlock, working moonlight nights in order to get it done in time to plant seeds. I assisted in laying out the beds, making a small square in the centre for the Sweet Peas, and two rows of beds on either side with paths leading to the center. In the four beds next the Peas we planted the Asters, Scabiosa, Zinnias, Cockscomb and Balsams. In the outside row we planted Petunias, Phlox, Pinks and Candytuft, with Pansies and Portulacca for the ends next the walks.

The boys did the spading and raking, and the girls the planting, with my help. Not a variety failed us. Every kind bloomed.

They watered and petted them as most persons do house plants, and they were well paid for it. It was a perfect spot of beauty. People came to see them that I had not dreamed cared for either school or flowers. Such Phlox I never saw, in fact, they were all beautiful.

We had intended having it photographed when it reached its greatest degree of perfection, to send to the dear donor of so much pleasure, but just when they had learned to love him for his gift, and to search the Catalogue for any information they desired, the news reached us that JAMES VICK was no more. With tear-wet faces they listened as I read to them first the newspaper notice, then the one in your MONTHLY, and said, sadly, "Teacher, he will never know how nice our garden is, or see the picture if we get it, so there is no use to have it taken." How reverently they speak his name, and how tenderly they cherish his memory. To-day they said, "Teacher, don't you think we could send a little bouquet to Mr. VICK's sons?" I answered, "Yes, we will send them, and ask them, though they be withered to place them on their father's grave for us." So accept this grateful offering, for although the gift is small, it is accompanied with the love of over forty youths and children."—C. P. W., Centre Point, Iowa.

## A TRUE STORY.

The widow Trot was an old lady of some sixty years, possessed of a dumpy figure, a smiling face, bright black eyes, and little dimpled hands which were often employed in netting.

This little woman came to our village alone, and bought a small house and two lots lying close to the railroad and fronting on a street where there was a blacksmith's shop near, and several cheap houses where lived poor families with their troops of children and dogs and cats and chickens and pigs. You know that poor people, nearly all, have these things in abundance, and they nearly always run wild, at least, these did.

The widow Trot came in the fall and settled in her new home very quietly,



went to church and to prayer meeting regularly, and came to be very highly respected. She returned most of the calls she received by little visits of an hour or more, and always took her netting along. "It is such a pity to waste time," she said, "and I can talk just as well when my fingers are busy." "But what can you do with so much netting, Mrs. Trot?" "Well, where I came from the ladies used to buy my tidies and fringes. You see I work flowers and stars and other figures all over my tidies, so they look handsome." And so it came to pass that the widow Trot fringed the curtains and tidies and the chairs of her near neighbors.

Spring opened, and everybody was busy in their garden. Mrs. Trot's cottage was freshened with new paint, her ground was plowed and harrowed by some one with a team, and then the widow began planting. The front was laid out in flower beds, and suddenly the little lady took the cars one day and left town. Two, three days passed and then she returned, bringing two big baskets heaped full of things under paper covers. But, oh, the destruction while she was away! Some meddler had come in and left her gate open, and something or somebody had broken down her fence and the garden beds were torn up, and mischievous children had been into her house and played havoc there. Poor Mrs. Trot viewed the depredations with regret and indignation, but made no loud complaint. The first order was for a new picket fence along the front and a tight board one at the sides and back, and meanwhile she was unloading her baskets into the garden. Hollyhocks, Sweet Williams, Sweet Pinks, Snowballs, Phlox, and I can't tell what besides; Roses and Roses came out of those baskets and were planted in the yard. Then a path was ridged up from the back door to the further end of the lot, where was built a little stable, for the widow said she must have a cow, by and by. Along this path were planted seeds of various sorts and lots of Sun-flowers. "The seed is so good for chickens," she said. Then this funny little woman sowed oats all over the ground where nothing else was after planting a few kitchen vegetables. Yes, she sowed oats and raked them in herself.

O! what a yard that was as the season

advanced. Everybody admired it, but more than all the widow's industry and perseverance against difficulties. Mrs. Trot had a sufficient income and did not whine when things went wrong. The neighbors' children she soon wheeled into liking her and her place so much that no stray pet of theirs dare intrude upon her.

When the oats ripened she cut the heads off with the shears and some with the butcher knife, stowed them in a barrel, pulled the stalks and piled them away for the cow, she said, and sowed peas and dug them in with the hoe in drills. "When I keep a cow I shall keep a pig, too," she said. In due time every thing was harvested and stored for winter, and the south windows in Mrs. Trot's sitting room began to blossom out with house plants placed there for winter cheer. The cow and the pig were brought and housed, corn and hay were stored for them, and all was serene.

Thus, every thing seemed to prosper for the widow Trot, till about mid-winter, when a man, an old man, with some other church friends, was invited to dine at the cottage on an occasion of a church meeting that brought visitors from a distance. Yes, the widow's goodness of heart brought her to ruin. No, I can hardly believe the good Lord would allow such a result from a Christian act either. It must be that Mrs. Trot had a weakness in her mind some how, or she never would have been persuaded to do it. You see, this man came and partook of her bounty, and found everything pleasing, so he came again, and kept coming, till finally the widow married him. Yes, she married him, and became Mrs. Jones. Well, nothing direful came of it till spring, then what did we see? The whole ground was worked over, and large quantities of "garden sass" put in. Then the pretty flowering plants were pulled up and thrown into the street, and every inch of yard sowed to mustard.

The poor little woman looked on in almost tearful sorrow, but made no complaint that we heard of. When the friends remonstrated with him, his reply was, "Humph! I tell you mustard plaster is mighty good and right handy for old folks to have in the house, besides it makes just as good a posey as any of 'em."—R. A. H., *Smithville, Ill.*



### BIRTHDAY TREES.

On a certain crisp, frosty morning, late in November, it seemed to be a matter of some conjecture at the Benson breakfast table as to the sort of evolutions by which Edwin had left his bed about daylight and got into his clothes. Hiram protested that he himself was sleeping quietly, like a Christian, when suddenly there was a flop and a flounder, and all the bedding landed in a heap on the floor, and something somersaulted out of the pile and scrambled itself into Edwin's clothing, slid down the bannister two steps at a time, and was gone.

Now, every boy reader knows just about what kind of retorts passed after that—sharp, of course, but good natured; finally, Edwin said, "Well, boys, you told me, last night, that the hole I had dug for father's birthday tree was too small, and I was too tired to——"

"You wouldn't let us help," interrupted Reuben.

"Yes, I know, I wanted to do it all myself; but I was dreaming all night, and tumbled into that hole about forty times, when all at once I thought to-day had come, and that your trees were planted, and you had gone to the depot for cousins Flora and Jim, and my tree was lying on the ground yet, and everybody but I ready to have a good time. I guess, if you had roused up with all that on your mind that you'd have tumbled out of bed, too. Cousin Jim and I have arranged by letter that we are to put up a telephone while he is here, between the kitchen and the Snowden house, for we are always wanting some communication with them, and so while you young gents are fooling around with Flora we shall be at business;" at which Hiram cleared his throat with emphasis, and said, "I s'pose so."

Then Edwin reported to his father that

his excavation was now large enough, but that he had struck a gravelly bottom, just like that at the foot of the bank where the spring water flows the year round, and he was afraid it would not make a good bed for the roots.

"If I may know what kind of a tree is to be put there," said his father, as they passed out together, "it is likely I can advise you, and assist you, too, if you will allow, as I notice the other boys have gone to help each other."

"O, I shall be glad of your help, though the boys will tease me about it, for then I shall get done first, and make my dream go contrary; and what is better, I shall know it is well done. It is a Linden tree, father, and you see I have planned that it shall stand here on the sloping edge of the lawn, where you can see it every morning from your chamber window, and I shall expect you to live until it is a large tree."

"Thank you, I'll do my best. But had you no other reason for choosing this locality for a Linden tree?"

"Yes, sir; when I was clearing a place in the attic to make room to work at my telephone, I tumbled over some old books, and saw an ancient looking volume on American trees. It looked so old and musty I tossed it aside. But afterward remembered that the habits of trees do not change like the fashion of people, and so consulted the old volume and found that the Linden tree, or the Lime, or Basswood, or, to use the botanical name, the *Tilia Americana*, likes a rich, loose and deep soil, and will grow larger and live longer if in moist bottom-land, or on the border of a lake or river. So I chose the Lime for its beauty because of this stream."

"Exactly, and don't you see that you've struck the same layer or strata of gravel



that makes the pretty bed of the rivulet, and through this the water can creep to the roots of your tree the year round? The hole is deeper than you actually need, which is quite right. Now bring two pails of water. That's done. Now shovel in some of that earth, level it with your shovel; now jump down and tread it over firmly; now pour in one pail of water, slowly, all around; now drop the tree in the hole; see, the crown of the roots is still below the surface ground, that's good, you can't have too much mellow earth for the young fibrous roots to get a start in. Fill in more earth; now level over with your spade and tread lightly again. Now measure your tree, that's right. Now I'll hold it, and you get on your knees and straighten out those bent roots, just as they grew. There, now throw in soil, all around, while I gently sway the tree back and forth to make it settle between the roots. Now pour in, very slowly, the other pail of water. Now fill up the hole; there, get down and punch the earth with your hands between and under those upper roots. Fill in again; now tread firmly. Now bring a water can of water, pour it on slowly; now more earth. Round it up well for future settling, spat it with your spade, and we're done." Then, looking at his watch, "Just twenty minutes since we commenced. Take this square of hempen canvass that holds the soil and shake the refuse in the garden."

As Edwin gathered up the four corners, he said, "Father, I haven't told you yet of all the reasons that governed my choice of a tree. I read in that old book that the Linden is very long lived, that one near Friburg is supposed to be a thousand years old, and that they rarely become hollow, that their roots do not spread so as to impoverish the soil around, that wounds caused by the trimming knife, or otherwise, soon heal over, and that the tree in the North is not injured by insects."

"Truly, a fine list of recommendations. I honor your choice, my son. I have often admired the curious appearance of the tree, with its hundreds of floral leaflets, from the under side of which swing its flowers and seeds. But the other boys are calling me to look at their trees. Finish up your work now, and then go and dress to meet your cousins at the depot."

"I, father? I thought the other boys would go."

"Only one of them; cousin Jim is your company." Thereupon, up went Edwin's heels in the air as he shouted out, "Dream gone contrary again!"

Very soon after, Reuben and Hiram might have been seen modestly naming their trees to their father, the winter appearance of which making it difficult to distinguish their kind at sight. Then Reuben, as spokesman, said in a manly, earnest way.

"Father, we marked those trees when in the leaf, and they were the fairest of their kind, and they class, as you know, among the noblest of the noble trees of our country. We have felt this no child's play, father. Since the time of that rainy morning talk our hearts have been in it. There is a stimulus, when one comes to realize it, inknowing that the result of a few strokes of work may perpetuate itself for centuries, perhaps. And now, on your sixtieth birthday, we dedicate these trees to you and your memory after you."

Then added Hiram, "And, father, we trust that many an annual ring may encircle their trunks, and many stalwart branches stretch over your head before you look at them for the last time."

Mr. Benson listened with moistened eyes, and felt that he and his sons had never been so near together, head to heart, as at that moment. "I do believe, my boys, he said, "that you have done a noble work, and from my heart I thank you. We will discuss the particular merits of the trees hereafter. Now we must separate." \* \* \* \* \*

When we are again introduced to our friends, several hours seem to have passed by, and we find gathered in the ample parlors not only the Bensons and Miss Flora and Jim Turner, but also Mr. and Mrs. Snowden, with their daughter, Miss Amy, and her brother Frank. A bountiful dinner has been dispensed and dispersed; Edwin, Jim and Frank have been to the attic prospecting; the older ones have strolled all over the premises, and now the subject of trees has come up again. The younger guests are complaining that they could not have witnessed the dedication, but Mr. Benson assures them that it was better as it was, as any parade would have spoiled it.

"Well, uncle," said Flora, stepping up

with one hand behind her, "I was in the secret from the time the boys had made selection of their trees, and I formed a wreath of autumn-colored Elm and Maple leaves, decorated with the bracts and pendant fruit of the Linden tree, and brought it to crown you, as a befitting ceremony, and now you must wear it while you entertain us with a good old talk, as of old." And on his head she placed it, with the Linden seeds hanging in relief against his white forehead.

"As you like," he said, drawing her down for a kiss, and adding, "You are all the daughter I have, and now, as this is a sort of arbor day with us," he added, "perhaps a talk about a very singular tree will be appropriate. When I visited Mr. Bonner, in Ohio, last season, I saw in his small park two veritable Swamp Cyresses, such as we have all read of as growing in the swamps of the South, and which are remarkable for the projections which the roots throw up to the average level of the water, whatever that may be. In this park one tree stood on dry, level ground, and the knobs on the roots were scarcely visible in the grass. The other tree stood at the top of a low bank that sloped to a flowery marsh. There I could note the gradations of change in the roots as they approached the water. The main roots seemed to lie near the surface, and near the tree they only threw up mere knots or knobs. At high water mark they were taller, and in deep water were like perpendicular clubs, broadening and flattening at the top, like a human knee. Hence the name, Cypress Knees. The soldiers used them for camp stool legs, and many a poor wretch has made good his escape from foe or master by bounding with bare feet upon these 'stepping stones' of nature, through the otherwise impassable swamps."

"Now, Mr. Snowden," he continued, "unless some of you can report a native tree more remarkable than this, shall not these young tree planters give us reasons for their choice?"

"Certainly," responded Mr. Snowden, and Reuben at once began to say that his choice of the Elm was because of the graceful beauty, stately growth and great age to which it attains, not forgetting its many historical associations.

Hiram then said, "I chose the Sugar Maple because I once saw one of enor-

mous size and perfect proportions that had never been tapped. A good sized one story and a half house stood near it, and looked like a mere dot beneath it. Wo be to him who in future time saps the vitality of my tree by robbing it of its vital fluids."

All eyes then turned to Edwin, who said that his reasons had been given in private; but that now he would like his father to give them the characteristics of a Christmas tree, as it would be but a month until the holidays.

"A Christmas tree! a Christmas tree!" Mr. Benson repeated, rubbing his head in perplexed surprise until off went his crown, while Edwin, Frank and Jim were greatly amused at his change of manner, as, indeed, were all the rest.

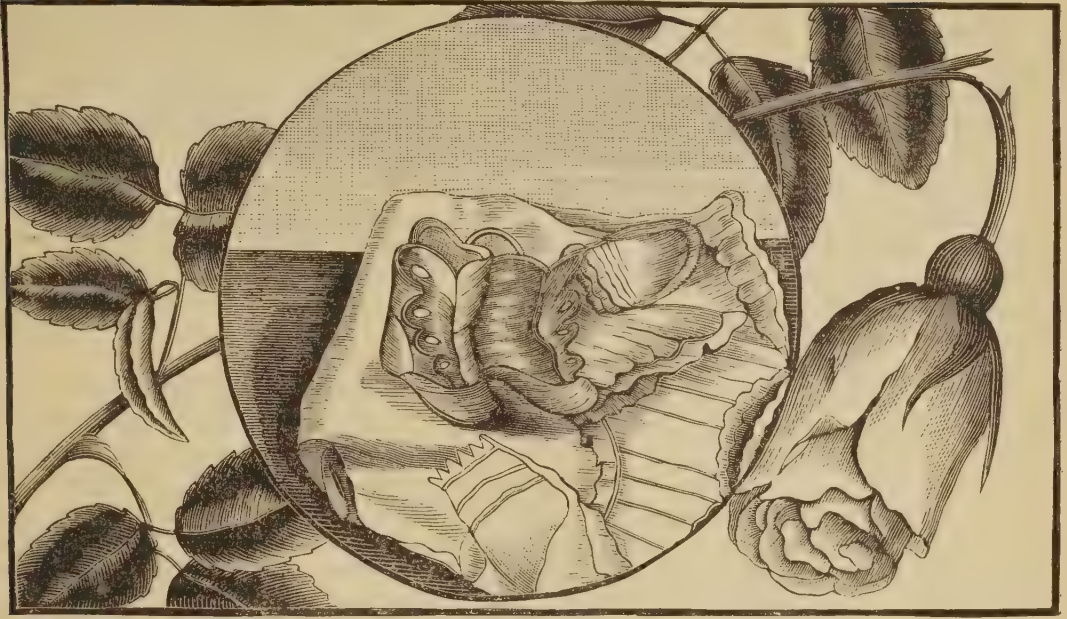
Finally he said, "Ed, it isn't fair to corner an old fellow like this on his birthday." But looking round, he added, "I'll tell you what I'll promise. If the same company will meet here on Christmas day, I'll let these boys see for themselves what a Christmas tree is like." Up rose a little shout, and three boys were happy. —AUNT MARJORIE.

#### TREES FROM SEED.

I wonder how many children have raised a tree from the seed. This is the best time in all the year to plant many kinds of tree seeds. You can take a few Acorns, Chestnuts, Horse Chestnuts, Hickory nuts, Butternuts, Black Walnuts, Beech nuts, or Peach pits, or Apple seeds, and sow them in a mellow spot in the garden, and next spring the little trees will come up from them. Squirrels are very fond of some kinds of nuts, and will try to get them where they have been planted; Chestnuts, especially are very tempting to them. We should protect them well after planting by putting some stones close together around them and some larger stones over them, leaving them until spring and then removing them.

When the little trees come up in the spring they must be hoed to keep the soil clean and mellow, and they will grow quite fast. At the end of two years the trees can be taken up in the fall or spring and be planted where you may want them to grow. In time they will produce fruits or nuts for you, and become large trees that you will feel quite proud of.





### AT THE MISSION SCHOOL.

"Teacher;" I turned to look, and there,  
In well-worn cloak and hood,  
A bundle in her arms held close,  
A little maiden stood.

"I've brought," she said, with trembling lips,  
"Our baby's shoes to you—  
My mother thought it best I should—  
And his white dresses too.

One he was christened in, and one  
He wore the night that we  
Came here and found such lovely things  
Upon the Christmas tree.

These were his only pair of shoes,  
(He'd just begun to walk,)  
But he could sing like birdies sing,  
And he could almost talk.

And mother says please let the things  
To some poor child be given,  
For our dear baby's gone away,  
He's gone away to Heaven."

—MADGE ELLIOT.

### DARK DAYS.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
And the hopes of my youth fall thick on the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

—LONGFELLOW.

**PREMIUMS.**

As a little compensation to those who labor among their neighbors in getting up clubs we propose to give one of our **FLORAL CHROMOS**, on paper, to every one who sends us a club of *Five Subscribers*; and for *Twelve Subscribers* one of our **CHROMOS ON CLOTH AND STRETCHER**, both sent postage free. To any person sending us *Twenty Subscribers* we will forward by express, expressage paid by us, one of our **FLORAL CHROMOS NICELY FRAMED IN WALNUT AND GILT**. All to be at club rates—\$1 each. Please select the chromo you wish, or, if you wish us to select for you, please state this fact.

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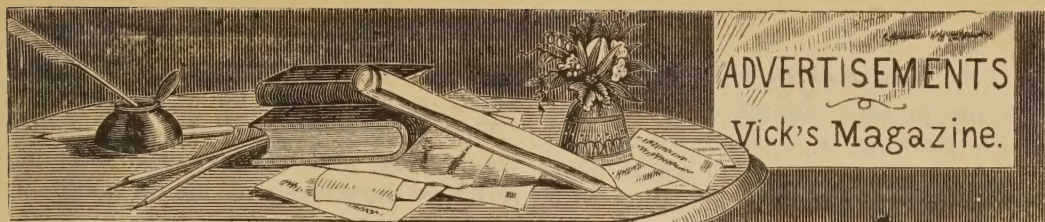
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As the present volume of our MAGAZINE is drawing to a close, we wish to remind our readers, many of whom have kindly expressed their gratification with its management, that we shall rely upon them, both directly and indirectly, to continue it in the future, a garden journal worthy of their support and to make it more beautiful, useful and interesting with its corresponding age. We hope that every subscriber will not only promptly renew his subscription, but that he will consider himself a co-worker with us, and will, at this season of the year, take some special pains to bring the claims of our journal to the attention of his neighbors and friends, and invite them to join in sending for it the next year. The ladies especially, who are always leaders in the refined arts, and never weary in beautifying home, and making it the "dearest spot to me on earth," we are sure will cheerfully lend their influence in promoting its circulation. Our club rates will be continued as heretofore, and we hope that at every office where we have now only a single subscriber, a club may be formed for the next volume. Specimen numbers will be sent to all those who will kindly aid us in this manner, and will so notify us by postal card. We hope to hear from every single subscriber, and to have the assistance of every reader of this MAGAZINE.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Bright Days in the Old Plantation Time. By Mary Ross Bank. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a narration of a series of incidents in a child's life at the South by an elderly lady to her grandchildren. It is a book that will delight children, the younger as well as the older ones, and the view it presents of home life is vivid and true. A good holiday book.

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Hand book of English Synonyms, with an appendix showing the correct use of prepositions; also, a collection of foreign phrases, by L. J. Campbell.

This manual contains forty thousand words, and, lying at hand on the writing table, will enable one often to gain assistance in the selection of a proper word when the need of it is perceived.

Hints and Helps for those who Write, Print or Read. By Benjamin Drew.

In this little manual are valuable instructions for those writing for the press, in regard to proper reading, style, punctuation, etc.

### THE RURAL NEW-YORKER AND VICK'S MAGAZINE.

Attention is called to the announcement of the above remarkable combination in our advertising columns. The Rural New Yorker, under its present management, has gained a position second to no other country-home journal in the world. Its Experiment grounds are worked in the interests of its readers, and all novelties are there tested and fearlessly reported upon. Original engravings from nature, the best writers in the world, a journal original from beginning to end, conscientious and alert, are some of the facts which have gained the Rural its present position. It has distributed free among its subscribers some of the most valuable plants and seeds in cultivation. Among them may be mentioned the Beauty of Hebron and White Elephant Potatoes, the Cuthbert Raspberry, Blount's Prolific Corn, several of our best plants, the Rural Branching Sorghum, fifty kinds of flower, shrub and tree seeds, etc.

Its present Tree Seed Distribution to be sent to subscribers of both papers is presented in brief in the announcement referred to. The Rural New Yorker has raised the heaviest yield of Indian Corn, under inexpensive cultivation, on record. Last year it tested eighty different kinds of Wheat, many of which originated at the Rural Grounds, by crossing, etc. All of our readers who are in anywise interested in floriculture and rural affairs in general, can do no better than to subscribe for VICK'S MONTHLY and the RURAL NEW YORKER, with its Seed Distribution for 1883, for only \$2.75.



JAMES PYLE LADIES

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